ART EXHIBITION CATALOGUES REPUBLISHED ON MICROFICHE

Published on microfiche by:

Chadwyck-Healey Ltd
21 Bateman Street
Cambridge CB2 1NB
England

Somerset House
417 Maitland Avenue
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

Date of publication of master: 1977

Series: The purpose of this series is to make available those catalogues that have lasting interest through their text or their illustrations. Catalogues and cumulations of titles in the series are available from the publishers.

Serial numbers: Each title is identified by a three part serial number. The first part of the serial number designates the sales list in which the title was first announced. The second part indicates the agent of publication, i.e. the museum, gallery or organisation that was responsible for the publication of the catalogue. The third part of the serial number is the number allotted to that title.

Copyright: Filmed by permission of the copyright holders. The microfiche edition is the copyright of Chadwyck-Healey Ltd.

Technical data:

Producing laboratory: Chadwyck-Healey Ltd, Cambridge, England

General

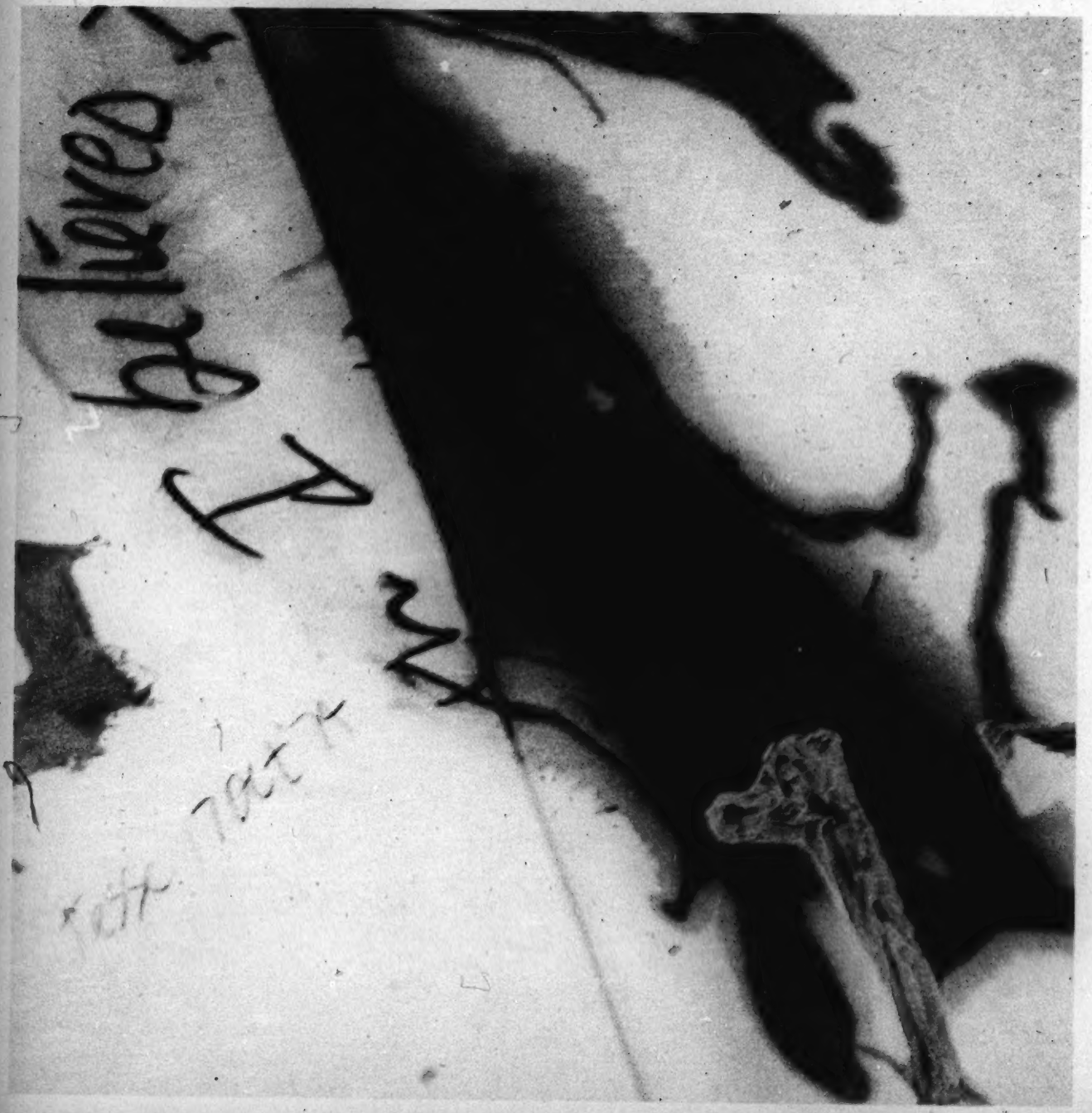
ROBERT HUOT

University Art Gallery
State University of New York at Albany
1400 Washington Avenue
Albany, New York 12222

Exhibition dates:
January 19 through February 15, 1976

Catalogue 1/1976

Preceding page: Diary Painting No. 18. Installation view from an exhibition at the Paula Cooper Gallery in 1973.
Below: Detail, Diary Painting No. 43.



FULL OF IT: Hasty but Fond Notes on Bob Huot's Diary Paintings

Lucy Lippard

Whooo-eee! Bob Huot's Diary Paintings! They demand the kind of involvement from a viewer that went into them from the painter. Hollis Frampton called them "gifts, freely given . . . made with love . . . a fundamentally sociable activity." Which is interesting, because for all their privacy (only Huot can decipher the specifics), they are highly communicative works of art. What they leave out, or reject, is the privacy of *style* — that incestuous elitism of art only about art that makes so much painting unavailable to a general audience and just plain uninteresting to a specialized one. In these scrolls, which unroll across floor, wall, space and time, Huot can do anything he wants. How many artists can say that?

In the mid-60's Huot was one of the better "minimal" painters, usually working in color but occasionally rejecting that too, as in a beautiful canvas consisting of no canvas, but a knobby-surfaced transparent nylon over a stretcher visible beneath. Then came the tape pieces and the glow-tape pieces, focusing real spaces, and shadow pieces cast by existing fixtures or objects, and a show that was a room with floors sanded and polyurethaned and two walls painted a deep Pratt and Lambert blue; then still more invisible work — exhibited anonymously, in the case of the MOMA Information show (a ladder, quickly removed from the premises by a curator), or exhibited under his name referring out into the world to a different hand-painted "found painting" in the city every day (for a Whitney Annual), or, in my book *Six Years*, the anonymous story of the Great Griswald's artistic ambitions.

After he stopped painting, Huot seemed to say fuck distillation and style and began to intervene in life, though the process of rejection was necessary so that the process of acceptance could begin — a cycle similiar to the one the art world periodically undergoes. Politics had a lot to do with it. The kind of awareness that went into the Diary Paintings doesn't come strictly from navel-watching. The cycles are those of a living organism too. Down on the farm, or in the city, Huot watched nature and people grow, get cut down, grow again. A committed communicator, he was one of the first to recognize the implications of artworld politics and their connection to world politics. (In 1968 he wrote to me about an anti-war benefit show we were co-organizing, "well — maybe just making something is anti-war.") Huot's retreat to a farm in upstate New York, around the time of Kent State, Jackson State, and Cambodia, represented a disgust with the world and the way art was being used as well as a personal decision. He was active at the time in the Art Workers Coalition. The diary films, which began when he went to the country, were clearly a personal necessity at the time — a deeply felt need (then shared by many of us, though few acted upon it) to re-integrate one's life and one's art.

Huot had been making films since 1966 under Frampton's tutelage, and bought his own Bolex in 1970. For a while film seemed the way to "get out of art." But May 1971, he was missing painting, the making of things, the artist's addiction. ("I really like to paint. It's a nice thing to do.") He had a lot of leftover canvas in long rolls and started "trying a little something every day, as arbitrary and thoughtless as possible." Whatever happened, happened. Different days, different materials — creosote, magic markers, oil, plastic sheets, black cloth — and different matters — violent, contemplative, cries of pain, cries of joy, day by day, "trying to open it up for myself." "A Random Diary of Gestures," #9, from January 1972 is called. Despite the written entries, some of them from bad times and not hiding it, not ashamed to cry, the paintings "didn't start out to be autobiographical in the literal sense." They are art, feelings recorded in "color, texture, in the tradition of painting." But they are art full of life, the kind of life artists aren't accustomed to welcome into art. They go from personal to communicative, skipping over the analytical, the middleground where the specialists play.

It was soon clear to Huot that the paintings were not diaries in the sense the films were. In fact they reverse the films. Where one shows people, places, animals, work, events, the other scratches the surface and disappears into it. The paintings come from where good paintings always come — inside. But Huot's isolation (in the country, in academe, away from the commercial art world) freed him from pressures which might have engendered a far more selfconscious kind of narrative or autobiographical art. The scrolls are not "conceptual"; they are big, brawling, unfolding surfaces of paper or canvas — fields or arenas of experience and play. No holds are barred. Anything goes. "Advance" vanishes and the artist is suddenly "permitted" to be old hat, new hat, corny, sentimental, brutal, ecstatic, up, down, all the hell over the place. Styleless in their components, their style *is* that amalgam.

The Diary Paintings are very realistic, like people's lives. The structure is loose, moment to moment in most of them, though others are more controlled and esthetically oriented. The only restrictions are internal. If they are sometimes, almost in spite of themselves, very beautiful that's because that happens sometimes. It makes for happiness. My favorite ones are the *heavy* ones, with great weights floating and plunging across and into the ground, and those with layers of words crisscrossing the shapes, where emotion bursts out in another medium. I love their ease, their rhythms. The whole idea of unrolling is

full of drama, suspense. What is the next day going to bring? They are obviously fun to make and that comes across till I identify with the making, vicariously enjoy some of that felt activity, relive with my own vocabulary the events laid down in Huot's.

The first nine scrolls were made relatively sequentially, like frames of movies though different personae seem to take over different surfaces, some more "serious", some more desperate than others. The 10th scroll — very large, frankly disjointed, crazy, awkward, in the American tradition — includes "entries" by his baby son Jesse in December 1972, and also some very handsome painterly drawings of nudes, sensuous in the best sense, enjoyable by both subject and object. Resolutely retrograde, they would be trite if framed, if small, but in the context of the scroll they are something else, not rather Picassoid illustration, but a means of activating the other components in their difference with "high art" and in the sheer luscious luxury of such an indulgence. One nude is partially overlaid with a transparent rectangle of varnish — a "quote" from Léger. In fact, an art historian could have a fine time with these patently unhistorical paintings. There's a lovely parody of Still, a phrase from de Kooning, a corner of a Picasso painting . . . The new works are not diaries any more, but within a similiarly free framework they focus on specific themes or ideas. "The Players", part abstract, part realistic, is about political cartoons.

Huot would like to see scrolls scrawling across public spaces, like schools, maybe the subways, even the streets, so that they can stay alive. They are actually like graffiti, with the kind of vitality that comes from real spontaneity, combined with the eye of a professional painter who has managed to free himself from tight-ass formal considerations but retains an innate knowledge of how things look/feel. As in the case of the young graffiti writers whose subway and street work is terrific and whose "art" shown in galleries is dead, the excitement of the execution in risky (physical or psychological) circumstances is very much part of the impact. I don't think I feel the Diary Paintings so strongly just because much of my experience has been like Huot's, or because we've picketed, danced, argued, and cried together. Sincere outward-bound energy is rare, I hope the scrolls get out into the world further and further so non-art audiences can enjoy what happens when a real artist goes public.

■ Lucy Lippard has been a free-lance critic for the past ten years, a feminist, and the author of seven books on contemporary art, with two more to appear shortly: **"Eva Hesse"** and **"Essays on Women Artists."**

Above: Diary painting No. 18 (on the floor) and Diary Painting No. 19 (on the wall). Exhibition at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 1973.
Opposite: Diary Painting No. 14 (on the floor) and Diary Painting No. 19 (on the wall)

Huot's Dance

Eunice Lipton

Robert Huot's Diaries are a heady mix of visual high jinks, exquisite painting, and confession. Painted betweesn 1971 and 1975, they are cinematic in their enormity and utterly unconventional in appearance. It may seem at first glance that the differences between the rambunctious energy and emotional searching of the Diaries, and the austere formalism of Huot's mid 1960's paintings or the intellectuality of his late 1960's conceptual pieces, are unbridgeable. They aren't. If Mondrian's paintings can be described as harnessed chaos, then Huot's liberated, if self-conscious, dance through miles of cotton duck and paper can be seen as the unharnessing of the reticence, caution and intellectuality of earlier years.

The Diaries are painted, drawn and written upon; covered with glitter, paint, and fabrics. Their rhythm is alternately fluid and compulsive, sequential and halting. The white ground, the original *tabula rasa,* is the constant place (one might call it the unformed persona) upon which marks, materials and emotions were daily committed. The paintings, are sometimes elegant, sometimes ungainly, simultaneously sophisticated and childlike. They are alternately easy to understand and obscure. For example, Diary #48 (February-March, 1975) opens gloomily with: "The Ides of March and Famousitius. I've been feeling very sorry for myself and somewhat fucked over." And then gorgeous dancing numbers, words, and images sprawl over yards of canvas, simply drawn heads of cows serenely overlap; stars, a red heart and green glitter tumble after oneanother; and around the red Valentine's Day heart, unexpected and ironical words announce a show of his work at Colgate University and the decree of his divorce. The mood switches and we are off and running down an emotional and painterly runway.

Issues of both personal and art historical significance coalesce in these paintings, for their unwieldiness and visual irreverence bespeak both Huot's evolution out of his own and other's styles, and his disenchantment with contemporary art and art politics. When Huot made his first Diary films in 1970, the rhetoric and publicity of New York vanguard art was unusually diffuse. No longer did pop, hard edge abstraction and conceptual art appear insuperable. For one thing, there was a noticeable revival of painterly abstraction. But more striking, realists of all variety proliferated (encouraged undoubtedly by the *22 Realists* show at the Whitney in the Spring of 1970); and video art was an ever more lively presence. Together they seemed to represent an alternative esthetic to abstraction, one concerned with photographic reality, narrative and the mundane. Critical acclaim, however, still went largely to established names and esthetics; Johns, Warhol, Stella, Olitski, Judd, Morris and Smithson won the usual plaudits. What seemed clear, though, was that in the midst of an emerging downtown art locale in SoHo and apparently vigorous activity uptown, the vanguard "art scene" was going a little bit out of focus.

In addition to stylistic uncertainties in 1970, artist were socially and politically uneasy. Women artists were becoming more vocal in their demands for equal representation. And through the Art Worker's Coalition, which Huot helped found in 1968, artists organized to gain more control over the treatment of their work in museum, galleries, and magazines.

Huot's dissatisfaction with the art scene was not the result of any lack of success. He had four one-man shows at Stephen Radich (uptown at 68th and Madison) between 1964 and 1966, and had appeared in 16 group shows between 1964 and 1969. He had also been among the first to exhibit in SoHo (at Paula Cooper; in fact Huot and Lucy Lippard organized her opening show in '68 which was a benefit for the anti-war movement.) And the work he was doing was beautiful — minimal and then conceptual art of extraordinary quality. As I see it, however, his simultaneous involvement in 1968 with the Art Workers' Coalition and Cooper's SoHo gallery indicated a disenchantment with his vanguard experience, particularly in its more political ramifications.

In 1970 he moved to his farm in upper New York state, turning his back on New York's authority and its prevailing esthetic judgements. In January 1970 he made his first Diary films and March 1971, his first Diary paintings. They mark, then, a conscious break with his own art and life style in New York City, but they also coincide with a contemporary artistic restlessness with vanguard values and politics. Huot like the video artists and realists (albeit in very different ways) was thumbing his nose at vanguardism.

The sheer size and uncontainable bluster of the Diaries announce their esthetic independence. Their jarring juxtapositions of high- and low-culture vocabularies, and artistic and anti-artistic elements overtly challenge high art values. In Diary #47 (January 1975), for example, images include pop brown-and-white cake-icing abstraction (#3), glitter and baby pink paint with the words "There's a new girl_____Milkowski," (#20, commemorating the birth of artists Tony Milkowski's and Susan

Hartung's daughter,) bathroom reading hung from a string (#29) as well as the beautiful, happily colored and witty "Corn stubble in a red field thru my legs" (#4), the decorative Matisse-like doodles in "el Marko" (#16), the elegant but voluptuously curving 6's (#6). Handwriting in this Diary often resembles graffiti, and drawings sometimes look like a child's scribble. As frequently, however, paint and other materials are carefully and precisely applied. An endless dialogue reverberates between "junk" and art, household familiars and museum objects.

Huot's equating of high and low art, as well as his coupling of apparently disparate activity in general, is an intrinsic part of his personality and deeply rootly in his past. In the 1950's he was as compelled by Ernie Kovacs as he was by Joe McCarthy. And as a teen-ager, Petty and Vargas Girl drawings in *Esquire* and reproductions of Michelangelo fascinated him equally. He found both erotic. Such experiences radicalized him, for they unwittingly precluded his making the usual, and seemingly inevitable, elitist distinctions between life and art. He just compounded them. Similiarly, when he was an undergraduate (at Wagner College in Staten Island) he both majored in chemistry and painted in the "art room." And when he graduated from college (1957), he got a job as a chemist and continued painting. In the army (1958-60) he also painted. He didn't feel conflicted during those years, he was just doing different things.

Even more damning to a vanguard public than his indifference to cultural separatisms, is Huot's denial of contemporary standards of simplicity and emotional unity. "I want the works to be non-relational," he says, "i.e. today's entry is as uninfluenced by yesterday as possible." In fact, the paintings can be convincingly described as both controlled and spontaneous, cerebral and instinctive. Or, one could push these traditional polarities further and call them masculine and feminine. Take Diary #28 (June, 1973), for example. Unpredictable explosions of color, stained and splattered upon the surface alternate with carefully drawn, even geometric forms. Rhythms of retention and release are in tandem, as are vascillating mood tones. This Diary is both self-consciously art historical (i.e. "cerebral") — strains of Kline, De Kooning and Henry Moore are clear — and terrifically high-pitched emotionally.

Indeed Huot himself, with his long hair, his obvious awareness and delight in his body, his emotionalism, (so-called female qualities, but seen as "failings" when expressed by men), seems to be looking for the female in himself. Or, to put it another way, he wants to loosen up the interior male controls; he wants to feel freer to be many and contradictory things. Undoubtedly the heightened consciousness that the woman's movement provided reinforced these inclinations in him. In 1974 he made a somewhat feminist film called *The Beautiful Movie* (3 minutes). In technicolor elliptical frames, a nude woman seated in bed lovingly combs her long hair. That image dissolves and a big, broad, hairy-chested man briefly comes into focus. He also sits in bed and combs his long hair. (If the film is not convincingly feminist in tone, it is because there is something aggressive about the man's gentleness, as if he had to assert it in order for it to happen at all.)

Huot's indifference to the esthetic (and sometimes practical) requirements of New York galleries and the market place also betrays itself in the very format of his Diaries. Their size, discontinuity and theatricality deter people. For his purposes, however, the format is perfect: the enormous scroll is inherently mobile (the opposite of the objectified and necessarily frozen, single-painting format), emotionally varied and unpredictable. They're movies, murals and daily chronicles rolled up into one. They are enthusiastic, theatrical and fun. In fact, theatricality and play are basic elements of Huot's personality (and one can see this even in his minimal works.) Writing about himself in 1974 he remembered that "the first 'real' art event I participated in was as a costume maker, choreographer and performer. Bob Morris and I did a piece called 'War" at Judson Church in early 1963." Huot is a man who loves to dance, who plays the trap drums and who throws five-day parties. For him, art is life and vice versa, and both are fantastic!

As Huot reports, rejoices and recoils in the presence of his daily activity, committing these responses to his Diaries, he also comments upon his conception of art. His paintings are not addressed to 57th street and SoHo audiences, for they are not insistently vanguard and elitist. I am reminded here of Allan Kaprow's work since the late 1950's. More than anything else, the Happening (like a Huot Diary) is meant to be a shared human experience. One can't tell a Happening (although one certainly can be paid to do one,) and anybody ostensibly can take part in one. For almost 20 years Kaprow has been saying, 'No," to the art establishment and its rigors. So now is Huot.

Perhaps it is appropriate that Huot teaches at Hunter College whose very building at 68th street and Park Avenue is the polar opposite of SoHo chic. Like everything else that is

public in New York, it is overused, poorly cared for, and a leveling experience. At Hunter, Open Admisisons has created a new breed of students who are practical, materialistic, openly emotional and aggressive. No matter how much they are upwardly mobile, their curiosity grows from their particular class sensibility and experience. They are as compelling and intelligent as any people one would want to meet, but they are also like screeching subway trains scrawled with graffiti — like Huot's Diaries.

• • •

Last summer I gave a number of my artist friends a favorite book of mine to read — John Berger's *Ways of Seeing* (New York, 1973). Eschewing questions of style, Berger asks instead what is art's function and how are its contents related to our daily lives? Unlike most of my friends who hated the book, undoubtedly feeling that it had robbed them of their specialness and power, Huot liked it enormously. Because he is less attached to the conventional roles of art and artist, he is potentially dangerous to the art establishment. But he is positively delightful to an unpretentious, pleasure-seeking audience. His paintings couldn't be friendlier, more accessible or human. And they are there for everyone to enjoy!

■ Eunice Lipton is an Assistant Professor of Art History at Hunter College with a particular interest in the social and political context of art in modern times. She has published articles and reviews in **"Artforum, Art in America"** and **"The Fox."**

Above: Diary Painting No. 41 in Robert Huot's studio.
Opposite: Diary Painting No. 18. Paula Cooper Gallery, 1973.
Next page: No. 18 on floor, No. 3 through door, 1966 drawing on wall, (on the wall) Paula Cooper Gallery, 1973.

Sammy Is Here

Huot's Searching Imagination

Don McDonagh

The diary paintings unfurl like a torrential jazz riff of experience, darting and leaping from point to point but rushing forward in a broad gush of life and energy. They are a giant record of quotidian and art historical events plucked and placed within a broad time and space structure under game rules that evolved from the earliest of what might be termed scale exercises to the most recent lyrical explorations.

The size of these huge canvases ranges from sixty to ninety feet and provides almost a landscape of painterly design. They are intended to be displayed in a variety of ways, as wrap around horizontal environments, or mammoth banners to be read vertically or floor pieces to be paced off like an esthetic fairway. In only one case has the scroll design been abandoned in favor of "leaves" and that is Number 47, where its twenty-six elements reveal an alphabet of concerns, touching upon figure drawing, politics, sex and the encyclopedia facination of a mail order catalogue. One has the sense of impatience and perhaps even anger as operating concerns driving the formation of the "pages" of this particular journal of experience, as Huot comments upon events. But to appreciate its diversity one should consider some of the earliest paintings.

One of the first diaries, Number 3, is a record of paint manipulation in starker terms. The palette is restricted to black, white, gold and dull yellow and the space allotted to each day's exploration is ruled strictly with a carpenter's chalk line. There are seventeen panels and seventeen encounters, the last a simple dating. Jars of left over paint stand at the foot of the canvas like the exhausted tools they are. The first day is a giant splatter and drip of yellow, a gesture of heedless necessity. Something had to be done to get started. Subsequent days find black pigment being stroked, smeared, spotted and brushed on in a variety of patterns like a musical rhythm without an accompanying melody. Toward the end of the first week, a pristine path of gold is rolled up the canvas with diminishing intensity. On the seventh, a whimsical impulse finds the artist affixing his billed cap to the surface whose color links us referentially to the first day and its devil-make-care scattering of paint. On until the end though, there is a feeling of necessary probing, a self-assumed task to greet and work on a certain expanse of canvas within determined limits. Exploration predominates rather than resolution, means rather than ends, a feeling of finger strengthening exercises more than a freely swinging and open ended development of themes.

The diaries began in May of 1971 with some canvas rolls that remained after Huot abandoned stretcher and canvas in 1968 to engage in what he considered "egoless" art. The works produced in those years were of the most transitory kind and consisted, to a great extent, of artistic acts made in public or private spaces that were celebrations of the particular area. Many of these organizing and illustrative pieces are no longer in existance and can be experienced only in documentary photographs. They were commentaries on the properties of rooms emphasizing characteristic features with a bit of paint, a row of nails, some phosphorescent tape or at times judiciously placed lights which showed surface texture through shadow patterns. In all cases they were not transportable or transaction prone, thus existing outside of the world of commerce and immediately became the property of others who lived in or owned the host areas.

They demonstrated a subservience to the givens of a particular space, accepting its idiosyncrasies of construction and attempting to illuminate its character with a great economy of means. The space was to be enhanced and not to be dominated, to be cherished for what it was and not what one could make it over into. It reflected an attitude of cultivated passivity and showed a desire for chance enrichment that dominated the artist's thinking during the two and a half years in which he devoted much energy to film making and the practical politics of art and artist's place in the world of possession and display that uneasily links galleries, museums, artists and the public.

During this time the prototype of the diaries began to emerge as he exposed a hundred feet of film each week, freely taking those things that caught his attention. The accumulation of this footage was a pictorial journal that developed within the strict format of a set amount of film shot during each seven day period. Again Huot refrained from imposing any special order on his experience forcing it into any sequence other than its own suitable time structure. As he had done with space in the location pieces, taking the given ground for what it was, where it was; he now did with time, accepting experience as it transpired and simply recording it. Like a period of meditation, it refreshed his approach to the more traditional painterly means.

Looking at the earlier diaries, Number 10 is the first to show all of the elements which would be orchestrated in the series. For the first time there were combined writing, dating, splashing and sprinkling of glitter dust on the surface. The writing which at times conforms to elaborate spirals or loop

formations is frequently difficult to read but always records something of the artist's concerns whether painterly or personal. At other times it is as straight-forward as a copybook exercise. The addition of glitter dust has a kind of funky glamour, almost in a theatrical sense of performance costuming.

Emerging from the series of paintings however there is an overriding concern with the craft of painting and restless quoting from various contemporary styles. A female nude at one time has a picassoid look and at another moment is rendered to remind us of de Kooning's motor drive. Clyfford Still's flickering brush is suggested as is the precision of a Mondrian grid in other places. Throughout his career, Huot has evolved from one mode of expression to another driven by a dissatisfaction with set solutions and forcing himself to seek new resolutions regarding the problems of structure and improvisation.

In Number 41 there is a giant countdown of numbers leading to a blast off image of a rocket about to lift from its pad. On the way down one notices the "9" woven out of a line that is reminiscent of Pollock and later on the "5" carries a witty observation to the Jackson Five, a rock group to be sure, but also Pollock's first name. The use of the cartoon as a simplified and exaggerated drawing tool reveals an essay at lively draughtmanship in a way divorced from lyrical color and its judicious use, though one is made aware of a steadily brightening palette.

The diaries are a record of speed dominated by time and a searching imagination probing daily events, personal concerns and art history for pictorial sense. The present works stand as milestones of a continual concern with formal structure and spontaneous gesture. In the past the field has often functioned as a passive object onto which was cast the rapid action of very brushy energy. Then again the field has been a broad dominant entity upon which a keenly plotted and hard edged form has made a discreet but bold imprint. The play of the gesture and structure has been the esthetic tug-of-war that was at one time resolved by the creation of huge grid founded paintings and at another earlier time by the speedy slashing of expressionist color with less formal underpinning.

A selection of earlier work, all of an infinitely smaller scale, provides a survey of past solutions. Starting with an early collage, there is a concern with texture, in this case burlap, newspaper, paper with a unifying gesture of black ink that has developed into the use of the surface in a sculptured fashion. In one later, notable example the painterly blue field exists as a background for a built up wooden cross rising from the surface in ascending steps like determined miniature staircases. At times the energy of the gesture has been stilled into hard edged forms which exert a bulky grace and overall there is a feeling of large scale. Humourous touches appear as subtly different colors or shapes confront one another and toy with the viewer's perception. But these are abstract witticisms compared to the lusty laughter one derives from the diaries where personality is allowed its raw sway. The activity of human encounter has burst from its cool confinement.

It was inevitable, given the format of the works that one, Number 48, would include the inscription "Dear diary I've got a confession to make . . " It is also ironically enough an entry which is penned at the conclusion of the series rather than at the beginning. Under the original rules, the entries were made for a specified time period and in this one there is a feeling of a New Year's party toasting the end of one time and the beginning of another. The colors are bright, the shapes are whimsical and the explosiveness of celebration bursts out of the canvas. The work continues the resume of styles that is one of the features of the collection but also points to the joining of drawing and painting again which is one of the deep motifs of the series.

Subsequent paintings use the large format but are not a record of daily experience and the first of the new begins with loosely interpreted anatomical drawings selected from a medical text but rendered in black line. Luscious areas of paint are applied touching on or supporting the drawings and the synthesis of color and line begins again. The structure and the painterly gesture edge up independently to one another's borders, each having declared its independence and now will continue their discourse on the expanded plain of these great scrolls. Like those giant banners that decorated medieval halls announcing the rank and pedigree of the bearer, these mammoth strips attest to the risk, the accomplishment and the history of their evolving.

■ Don McDonagh wrote an art chronicle to the **"Financial Times"** of London for five years. He is currently dance critic for the **New York Times.**

A
DRAW A LINE
PUSH A PLANE
EXTEND A CUBE

Catalogue: Diary Paintings

3 *Scribbles,* September-October 1971, mixed media (canvas with objects), 96 by 240 inches.

7 *Gestures,* December 1971, mixed media on paper, 36 by 360 inches.

9 *Hours and Minutes,* January 1972, mixed media on paper, 36 by 360 inches.

18 *Crazy Jimmy Meets CK,* December 1972, mixed media on canvas, 108 by 720 inches.

19 *Bobby Beethoven Meets Arp* '73, mixed media on canvas, 108 by 720 inches.

21 *Quotations from Some Masters,* February 1973, mixed media with plastic on canvas, 96 by 720 inches.

25 *Right Back Over,* May-June 1973, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 792 inches.

28 *Clouds and 4 Circles,* June 1973, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 900 inches.

31 *Double Butterfly, My White Face, Mondrian and Mickey,* Summer 1973, mixed media on canvas 96 by 1080 inches.

32 *Nasturtiums and a Telegram,* August 1973, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 530 inches.

34 *November Edge with Ollie Pearl & Freddie,* November-December 1973, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 648 inches.

35 *To Duchamp,* January 1974, mixed media with objects, 96 by 360 inches.

36 *To Hollis & Doug - From Bob,* February 1974, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 360 inches.

37 *Portraits of a Modern Woman,* March 1974, mixed media on canvas and mylar, 96 by 360 inches.

41 *Mr. Number Meets Bobby Picockso,* August 1974, mixed media on canvas 96 by 720 inches.

42 *The Cow Jumps Over the Picasso Moon,* August 1974, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 720 inches.

47 *Pages,* January 1975, mixed media (paper/canvas/plastic/etc.) approx. 120 inches by 600 inches.

48 *Return with Stars,* February-March 1975, mixed media on paper, 42 by 900 inches.

— *Paintings & Illustration,* May 1975, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 504 inches.

— *Holstein,* June 1975, mixed media on canvas, 96 by 504 inches.

— *The Players,* August-September 1975, mixed media and objects on canvas, 96 by 504 inches.

Opposite: "For Carl and Others", not in this exhibition.

Catalogue: pre-diary work

1 *Collage,* 1957, oil, 6 by 7½ inches.

2 *Study,* Bayonne Autumn, 1957, oil, 19⅜ by 20 inches.

3 *Tomlin,* 1958-9, oil, 42 by 44 inches.

4 *Untitled,* 1960, oil, 50 by 44 inches.

5 *Untitled,* 1961, oil, 26 by 24 inches.

6 Untitled, 1962, oil, 12½ by 14 inches.

6 *Untitled,* 1962, oil, 12½ by 14 inches.

7 *Untitled,* 1962, oil, 30 by 14 inches.

8 *Relief,* 1962, acrylic, 50 by 50 inches.

9 *Cross of Lorraine,* 1962-3, oil, 63 by 49 inches.

10 *Oh-Bra,* 1963, acrylic, 14 by 13 inches.

11 *Gre Cro,* 1963, acrylic, 68 by 68 inches.

12 *Doris Dream,* 1963, acrylic, 14 by 13 inches.

13 *Sum-Time,* 1964, acrylic, 32 by 22 inches.

14 *Color Study,* 1964, acrylic, 36 by 24 inches.

15 from *Grid Series,* Sept. 1964, acrylic, 32 by 32 inches.

16 *Little Chris,* Dec. 1964, acrylic, 24 by 32 inches.

17 *Culder,* April-May 1965, oil, 10 by 12 inches.

18 *Mead's Monk,* July 1965, acrylic and oil, 18 by 22 inches.

19 *Spring Line Study,* 1966, acrylic, 10 by 90 inches.

20 *Friar's Act,* 1966, glue and oil, 16 by 96 inches.

21 *Zone of Pope Smith,* 1966, acrylic and pencil, 2 parts 90 by 80 inches.

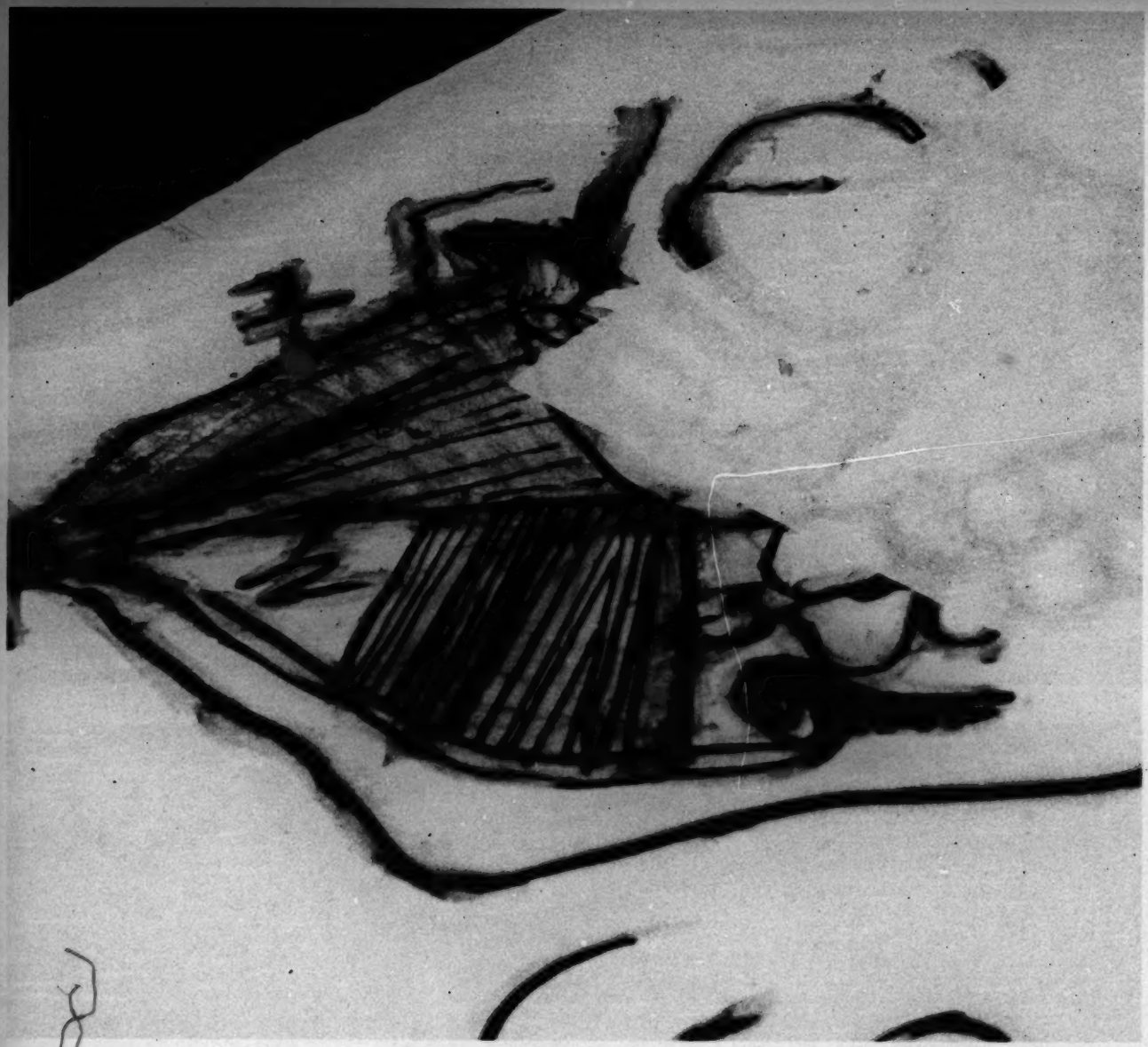
22 *Study for Marswall,* 1966, acrylic, 20 by 62 inches.

23 *Nylon One,* 1967, aluminum on wood and nylon, 40 by 40 inches.

24 *Silver Thin,* 1968, aluminum paint on canvas, 4 by 120 inches.

25 *All Clear?,* 1968, glue on canvas 60 by 88 inches. (4 parts 60 by 22 inches.)

Opposite: pre-diary paintings in Robert Huot's studio.



When I think about my work as an artist, it seems I always go back to the point at which I began to think of myself as an artist, the moment I saw the possibility and considered using a major portion of my day for "Art" activities. This happened when I was an undergraduate chemistry student. I had always drawn, painted and made all sorts of things but never thought of these as "Real Life" activities. The only adult I knew who made art was the town barber who decorated his shop on holidays.

At Wagner College I met a few students who were feeling what I was feeling, and a teacher actively involved in the Abstract Expressionist movement. Soon I was hanging-out on Tenth Street and drinking beer with a lot of fine artists at the "Cedar." I finished my degree in chemistry, took a few art courses, and painted. I worked, by chance, as a pigment chemist for a year and was drafted into the army. While in the army I decided I'd better make some moves to put me in the thick of it (Art/Artists).

I had no real formal training, So I thought Education — graduate school was for me. I'd heard Robert Motherwell was

at Hunter so I decided to go there when I finished my two years in the service.

When I got to Hunter, Motherwell was gone but there were other teacher-artists and students who were just what I needed—Bultman, Sugarman, Parker, Morris, Ohlson, and more. I spent 3 or 4 semesters at Hunter and got much from my associations. I quit my chemistry job and ran a small paint factory for Nate (Neti) Berman. We made some good quality, inexpensive oil paint in large sizes for artists, but the trend was to acrylic, so after a year we closed the factory. I went on unemployment and painted 'till my benefits ran out. Luckily, Gene Goossen (Hunter) offered me a part-time job teaching discussion groups in introductory Art History. It was sink or swim, and I swam.

In winter of 1962 Bob Morris and I began to work on a performance "War". We presented it at the Judson Church in early 1963. My "official' art career had begun. Robert Huot

Opposite: detail from "Paintings and Illustration".
Above: detail from "The Players".

Statements: Robert Huot

Personal art is the only art.

I'm a humanist.

Constant re-realization.

Speed Surprise Serenity.

I want to make art that surprises me — educates me.

I want my art to be legible to all.

I am an amateur. I make art for my pleasure — my pleasure is the delight of playful investigation.

The Diaries are a visual record of what happened to be there, go by, occur, be projected, pop up — go down from day to day with as little preconception as possible (for me). They are surprising-obvious, hesitant-aggressive, awkward-skillful, grand-mundane.

In the "Diaries", both filmed and painted, I hope to make something grand out of the mundane. Every thing, every person I see I feel some identity with, so I hope everyone can feel-see something in my personal record.

I see each individual work as a moment in a continuum.

Painting is separate only insofar as it falls within a prescribed tradition. In life it is like any other human activity.

My hope is for a world of peers.

Players: At a point — at an aperture — as the field unfolds — we see ourselves as major players. Major in the sense of the degree to which *we* shape our lives/ are responsible for what happens to us.

Opposite: Robert Huot and detail from No. 47, "Pages". Photos: Gail Camhi, Robert Huot, Marion Faller, Paul Katz, Laura Westby.